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MIKE MONAGHAN

CHARLES E. KREMER

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MIKE MONAGHAN (4)

WHAT HE SAID AT THE
LAW CLUB DINNERS

BY ^{edward}
CHARLES E. KREMER



PUBLISHED BY
THE LAW CLUB OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO
1911

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LAW CLUB:

The executive committee now breaks one of the traditions of the club in publishing the observations of "Mike Monaghan."

Even if it be against our traditions to print the papers read at our meetings, it is no less true that this whimsical philosopher — sailor of our unsalted seas — is himself one of our traditions, and so we break one to preserve another.

Furthermore, the breach is merely technical, for these pages are not papers and are intended only for distribution among the one hundred and fifty active and one hundred privileged members of the club.

Lest some demurrable defect be discovered in this plea of justification, let it be remembered that the Law Club has chosen for its form of government that of a benevolent oligarchy, and that the *Executive Committee* is the self-constituted, self-perpetuating and supreme authority, that it is responsible for everything and to no one, and that its will is the will of the Law Club.

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BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED, That Charles E. Kremer, the man with the German name and parentage, Irish tongue, Hebrew nose and cosmopolitan heart, native son of Wisconsin, foster-son of Illinois, Proctor in Admiralty, and one of the charter members and ex-presidents of the Law Club, surrenders to the keeping of this club the manuscripts of his "Mike Monaghan" stories, told at the several annual meetings of said club, and that the same be printed for private circulation among the members of the club only, to the end that their memory and his may be perpetuated among us.

EDGAR B. TOLMAN, President.

May 26, 1911.

FOREWORD

SO that those who are sufficiently interested may have some idea of what Capt. Mike Monaghan is like, I have taken the liberty of giving a brief biographical sketch of the man as it has seemed to me he would look. He represents a composite picture made up of a number of "sea-faring" Irishmen that I have met "in me day" in the practice of my profession in the different ports of the Great Lakes.

I have had him on the witness stand and in the office. I have talked with him on the dock, and the deck of his schooner. I have done business with him, taken his sworn statements as to collisions, disasters and catastrophies. I have heard him tell his stories, anecdotes and jokes. I have seen him when pathos overcame his mirth. I have laughed and shed tears with him. I have eaten and drunk with him; I have met him in all kinds of weather, and under all kinds of circumstances and environments, and I believe I know him fairly well, and

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what he has from time to time told the members of the Law Club at their annual dinners will give evidence of what I know about Mike and what he knows and thinks about people and other things.

CHARLES E. KREMER.

Chicago, July, 1911.

CAPTAIN MIKE MONAGHAN

CAPTAIN Michael Joseph Monaghan, to give him his full name and title, was born in Kilrush, County Clare, Ireland, on the banks of the Shannon. As a red-haired, blue-eyed and freckle-faced boy of thirteen, while playing about the river bank, and in and out of the water one fine summer day, he decided to wait no longer to attain his ambition and desire of being a sea captain, and therefore accepted the offer to ship as a boy in an English barque, bound for Rio de Janeiro, South America. The barque had a tempestuous voyage, met with gales and finally was dismasted in a hurricane, and compelled to run into St. Thomas, West Indies, for shelter and repairs, and therefore did not arrive at Rio until six months after leaving Ireland, although the voyage usually took only about forty days.

From Rio de Janeiro a good-hearted Irish second mate, who had taken a fancy to Mike, because he had shown himself to be a brave,

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sturdy little chap, wrote his mother where her boy was, and enclosed his wages, saying he sent it all to her "barring a pound which the boy nades fur clothes." This was the first news his mother had had since Patsy Scanlan, Mike's playmate, had reported that Mike had run away to sea in a big ship. Mike in this way only followed the example of many another Irish lad that "tuck to the water," as Mike always said.

For more than ten years Mike sailed on almost every sea, in all kinds of ships, carrying all kinds of cargo, and as he used to say, "Oi sailed, drank an fought in almosht iviry port uv the wuruld." He then came to the lakes, and at Buffalo, being an able seaman, had no difficulty in finding a berth before the mast on a lake schooner.

From before the mast he worked up through the grades of second mate and mate, and finally became the master of a lumber schooner. As these passed out of existence and were superseded by steamers, Mike, like many another good man, was compelled to go "wheeling" on steamers so that he might in his old years, master the difficulties, and as

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he put it "the annoyances uv the degenerate airt uv steamboatin." It was not long, however, before he had sufficiently advanced to obtain a mate's "papers," and since that time he has filled positions of first and second mate on the smaller lake steamers, but up to now has never been able to succeed in getting a master's position on one of them. For, as he says, "Oi have no pull, only wid me hands, an that don't count in gittin on top o' the pilot house."

Mike comes to see me occasionally and tells me things, and these I try to tell as he tells them to me. He is a big, generous, good-hearted, good-natured man, always cheerful, full of yarns, stories and fun, and ever ready for a joke, like the one he perpetrated when he wrote me a letter recommending Dan Connolly as a mate by saying "he's a gud sailor man; he has had lots of experience, an is frequently sober, an perfectly reloiable at the toime."

A MODERN JURY

(At the Annual Dinner of the Law Club, May, 1895.)

IT was in the case of Hogan against the Chicago Central R.R. Co., in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, that all this happened.

Hogan had been a switchman in the employ of the railroad, and had been run over by a locomotive belonging to the road, and in consequence lost a leg, for which he brought suit against the railroad company for the sum of \$25,000.

After the attorney for the plaintiff had grown warm in his eloquence and said his say, and after the attorney for the railroad had likewise orated wisely, but not well, the Judge, at his request, read the charges or instructions to the jury, which, if my memory serves me right, were something like this:

“The court instructs the jury that under the law, one man is as good as another, and he has as much right to tell the truth, or *vice versa*, as any number of men. But if the jury believe from the evidence that, notwithstanding this, some of the witnesses have told the truth, they cannot consider

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this, if from the whole evidence they believe that none of the witnesses told the truth.

"The court further instructs the jury that if they believe from the evidence that none of the witnesses in the case have sworn to the facts, still they can bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, unless they should find the issues for the defendant.

"The court further instructs the jury that the burden of proof is upon the plaintiff in the first instance, but if the plaintiff is badly injured, this burden is made light and easily shifted, and when shifted, rests heavy on the defendant."

After returning to the jury room, the jury balloted first to see whether the defendant railroad was guilty or not guilty. The first ballot resulted in ten for the railroad and two for the plaintiff.

Upon inquiry it was ascertained that one of the ballots was cast by an Irishman, and the other by a tailor, who made haste to change his vote and join the majority.

Dooley, the Irishman, who "druv a dray," was firm, and the foreman of the jury addressed him, and the following then occurred:

"Do you think this Railroad Company is to blame?"

"Do Oi — af course Oi do: wud Oi be votun that way if Oi didn't? Phwat de ye

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take me fur? Now luk heere. Who cut the leg aff the man?"

"Why, the engine."

"An who ownded that injine?"

"Why, the Company."

"Thin who's libe fur the leg?"

"But that doesn't make them liable."

"Well, if that dont, whpat duz? How kim the man wid the leg aff?"

"Why, it was cut off by the locomotive."

"Then whoi doant they pay fur it?"

At that, Mr. Olson, a Swede, ventured to remark, modestly enough:

"I tank de Company wasn't te blame."

"An phwat do you know about railroaden? In the country wheyre you kim from in Narway, they travels wid shtep ladders an ropes to git from wan county to th' other."

"Now what makes you think the Company is liable, Mr. Dooley?" said the foreman.

"Tis like this, they cut the leg aff the man, did they not?" Well, that makes um libe. Now listen to me: did he hev the leg cut aff on purpose: av course not, Well thin, theyle pay fur thot leg if Oi shtay her till holy wake."

Finding that after more or less additional persuasion, Dooley was, as he said "ferrem," they concluded, as it was getting late, to sound him upon the amount of damages to be awarded.

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In answer to the foreman's question as to how much he thought the plaintiff ought to recover, Dooley said,—“Well, ef 'twas me, do you know phwat Oi'd ax fur the leg? Farty thousan, an not a cint liss, but as he only wants twinty foive thousand, Oi'll campromize wid ye fur twinty.”

“What, twenty-thousand dollars for one leg?” said a chorus of voices.

“Yis twinty thousan, an if ye doant take my affer purty soon, Oi'll raise it. How wud you like to go round the resht uv yoore loife wid a leg that didn' cum down to the ground? Did ye notice the leg he had left? 'Twas as foine a leg as iver Oi saw across a chare, an if thother was mate to't, he ought to have ivery cint Oi'm given him.”

“I dink dwendy dousan is too bick a brice yust fear won leck; dat man he kin buy wan off dem badent lecks, un den hes all right.”

“He can, can he?” said Dooley with a look of contempt. “Ef Oi had legs loike yoors, Oi'd hire a man fur to cut em both off, and get two patent legs in place of thim: you could stop a pig thin, which ye can't do now. Now go an the whole o' yees: when yer reddy to cum to my figgers, wayke me up. Oi'm goin' to shleep.”

After talking the matter over for an hour while Dooley was sleeping, the foreman

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finally asked him whether he could not come down to ten thousand.

"No Oi'll not, but its gettin late an Oi'd make it eighteen thousan, but not a cint less."

After a consultation the jury came to Dooley's terms and Hogan received a verdict of eighteen thousand dollars, and as Dooley put it,—“The Company got aff chape, but thim furreners knows no more law thin my harse, an barren a case o'law buks that he hauls now an thin, fur Callaghan and Company, he knows nothin about it.”

NOTE.—Although the above is not a strictly a Monaghan story, it was the beginning of what afterwards developed into Monaghan's stories, and is therefore inserted here.

LOCAL POLITICS

(Annual Dinner of the Law Club, May, 1904.)

I AM a good deal like the clubwoman who inscribed on the tombstone of her late husband these words: "Rest in peace until I come."

At each of the seven dinners of this club, given during the year, we start out to eat and drink more than we think, and then somebody reads a paper written by somebody (frequently by the same man who reads it), and then most of us think more than we eat, and sometimes after that some member who drank more than he thought will give us the benefit of it (I mean the former), and we will then sometimes have a gale of overheated atmosphere, which, instead of being food for thought, will be just drink for thought.

When I come to an annual dinner of the Club I feel a good deal like the boy who was asked which he would rather be, Napoleon or Lydia Pinkham. "Lydia Pinkham," he said, and when he was asked why he replied, "because Napoleon is dead."

It is eminently fitting that on these free and festive occasions we should be as merry as we can. We ought to be only serious

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enough to know that this is the time when the few serious members of this Club must bear with the nonsense and merriment of the majority who are not serious and want to be merry. It is the purpose of the Executive Committee to avoid admitting members to the club who are too serious. I remember on one occasion, after we had had a particularly merry meeting, a number of us were discussing what had occurred and how it was enjoyed, when one of our serious members broke in with "it may be all right for those of you who were drunk, but for those who were not it did not amount to much." Thus slandering us who were only merry.

I remember on one occasion after electing the President, he arose to his full height, with a sort of Alexander Selkirk look, and for fully thirty seconds took in the assembled members and then in a grave, somber, serious way said "why are we lawyers?" and again surveyed the audience and paused. "I say, why are we lawyers?" At that dear old Galloway broke in by saying "because there are not sufficient judgeships to go around." That man had prepared himself for a very serious speech, but he could not get it off; his troubles began when Galloway started them, and he was annoyed until he had to sit down completely vanquished by the good feeling that was warming up the members so that

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they were not ready to receive any heavy or serious talk.

If I were to answer the question of why we are lawyers, I would say most of us are not. Some of us are only members of the bar. But after all, successful or unsuccessful, lawyers live a long time, and as a rule live well. No men anywhere, considering their income, and what they owe, live so well. It is true, they do not always receive the honors and attentions which come to those who have money, but that is due to the fact that most people can more easily estimate a man's value by what he has, than by what he is. A good many lawyers do not receive the spontaneous honors given by the people to those who are most deserving of them; usually because they have not sufficient money to demonstrate how deserving they are. Much money must now be expended to demonstrate how honest, capable and able you are. And if you are really the people's choice for office, you must advertise the fact, otherwise the people will not know it.

Judicious generosity is greater than genius, and money is mightier than manhood. My friend Monaghan came in to see me the other day and said, among other things:

"Chairlie, Oi've found out about thim candidates runnin fur guvner uv Illinois. A frind o' moine be the name uv O'Shaughnes-

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sy, who'se a diligate, wuz tellin me. He tolt me about this here Colonel O'Lowden. Oi asked 'im, in pwhat war did he git to be kernel? Sess 'e, he got his toitle at the battle uv Michigan Avenue. Ut sames theyre wuz a foight on bechune the Firsht Rigimint (which is wan o' thim rigimints that wuz alone in Cuba wid Colonel Roosevelt) an its creditors, an pwhat the bys naded wuz a "lader," an this here Frank O'Lowden waz a shtrong, fairmer man, a fut ball player, a promoter an a loyer wid money, so they elicted 'im leftinant kernel, an he put on the uniform an wint in an won the battle fur 'em." But, said I, why do you call him O'Lowden? His name is Frank O. Lowden. "Ut is now; ut wuz'nt always; somebody knocked out the O, an shure that's as aisy as knockin out an oye. He musht have mislocated the O: theyres manny o' thim that do that. An some o' thim losht ut altogether. Theyre's another man Oi know whose name should be O'Gresham. He tuk the O an made ut a Dutch Otto, jusht to throw 'em all off, but he's quiet an aisy goin loike a Gurman, an ut fits 'im. Another wan (an a Dimicrat at that, an theyrefore wid moighty little rason fur ut) calls himsilf Edward O. Brown instid of Edward O'Brien, but worse thin all, theyre's a man who calls himsilf Oakley, if you plaze, whin he shud be Shweeny O'Kelly.

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"Now, let me tell ye about the other Oirish-man who's runnin agin O'Lowden. Oi mane the Hon. Chairlie Deneen. A Galway man be roights o' the name." But why, said I, do they call him honorable? "Oi'll tell ye. Before a man can be candidate fur guvner, he musht be nothin lower thin a major, if he travels on his military ricord, an if he duz not, he musht at laishte be an honorable, no matter whither he wuz befoore or not, but afther he's called honorable, an as a candidate fur office he have anny plain Mishter skinned to dith. Now, this here Deneen firsh wint into politics fur the pure joy uv the recreation, an also because his frind the Hon. Wm. Lorimer, wuz on a political committee (Lorimer wuz an honorable thin, because he'd bin elicted county conshtable an wuz in the wather office). Thin he made up his moind that the pape uv the Sanitary Boord cud'nt do business widout 'im, an a great pooblic wuurk had bin hindered fur want uv firsh class lagal talent, and he sacrificed himsilf fur a picayune salary uv \$5000 a year to take the job uv loyer fur the Sanitary Dishtrict. The pape at the same toime promised 'im they'd do betther fur 'im, an that toime came whin theyre wuz nade fur a man who dayred to run fur Shtate's Attorney. Lorimer dayred 'im and he wud'nt take a dayre.

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So, agin obeyin the pape's call an recognizin his superior fitness fur the place, an disregardin the woild cry fur a man who cud git the nomination, he reluctantly sacrificed himsilf a sucond toime. Here's wheyre he showed his talent as an organizer. Knowin the county naded only gud an ixperinced min to thry cases, he thried none himsilf, but himsilf picked out the gud min to do ut. An all he gits fur ut fur pay wudn't amount to \$60,000 a year.

"Now, both of these min air the pape's choice. Lorimer an a midical frind (who shtudied fur the navy) filt that a shtrong military man wuz naded to take the place uv the prisint guvner, who, they think, is a very wake man, so they helped the pape pick out the kernel. The Honorable Chairlie was picked out by the pape because he thought he wuz naded, an he wuz an organizer an he wint shtrong fur the poor houses and asylums, intindin Oi shpose that they should be betther patronized an do a bigger business, an also because he wuz in favor uv a law that wud make ut a criminal offinse fur a man to go to a primary in a hack, unliiss he wuz drunk. They're both foine min." Well, who do you think will win? said I. "Shure, Oi don't know, but Oi think the kernel ought to win, he have the dough an is practical. But

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me bein a dimicrat ut's no foight uv moine. Oi'm goin over to hear Yates shpake. Oi'll tell ye this is the way uv practical politics:

"Firsht an foremosht, a man picks himsilf out fur office. He knows that he wants the office, an that's the besht soign that he's fit fur ut. Who knows betther thin he duz himsilf, how fit he is? Aven his frinds, who knows phwat he kin do fur 'em, don't know how much way down in his hairt he wants the office, an they don't know theyrefore how fit he is, an the firsht thing the dear public knows is, that his manny frinds, an theyre frinds, are fur 'im an they thin nominate 'im an the voters do the resht, an thin the candidate realizes phwat a foine choice they made, an he confirms his own fitness uv his fitness, an he grows in his own estimation until theyre's nothin too gud fur 'im, an thin, if he didn't before, he lives up to the politician's motto—Firsht me, an thin me frinds. Third, the pairty, an lasht, the public. An phwat wuz ut Vanderbilt said, 'the public be damned?' Well at anny rate, to the politican ut's that or wuurd to that effect. But phwat can ye expict? Somebody has got to do ut fur the pable, they not bein able to do ut thimsilves, so they has to be done fur, an they air."

THE JUDICIAL CANDIDATES

(Annual Law Club Dinner, May, 1905.)

MY friend, Mike Monaghan, called to see me some time ago, and, having undisguised confidence in my judgment on the judicial situation, asked me for advice as to how he should cast his vote at the coming election of judges. I told him he had better investigate and see for himself. As he had leisure he undertook to do this, and about a week afterwards called at my office, and I will endeavor to give you in his own language what he said about his experiences.

"Firsht an foremosht, said he, Oi wint over to the coort-house an Oi wuz saunterin through the halls (they call 'em corridors on the soigns forbiddin whistlin), an Oi wuz goin through the one that lades off to the wistward uv the main channel, an Oi heerd an awful noise, virry loud and boisthrous talkin, an at the same toime Oi saw a dure open, an two or three min fayrely fall into the hall, as if they'd bin kicked out frum wheyre they'd bin. Thinkin theyre moight be a schrap on insoide, an not bein above takin a hand in ut fur the sake of kapein the pace, Oi wint in an the judge wuz walkin up an down behoid a

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little disk roarin at the top uv his voice. Seein he wuz refereein his own foight, Oi sat down quietly an listened. Theyre wuz a little Shwade man on the witness shtand as hairmless as a lamb, an the judge roared "Phwat's yur name?" "Nilson," says the little man, in a quiet voice. "Phwat's yur name?" agin yelled the coort. A little louder says the Schwade, "Nilson." "Is that all the name ye have?" "Yis," says the Shwade. "Now, don't troifle wid the coort. Have'nt ye got anny other name?" "Yis," says the Schwade. "Well, Phwat is ut?" "Nils." "Thin, phwat's yur name?" "Nils," shpoke up the Schwade. "Oh," says the coort, in a rage, "Take 'im away, take 'im away; Oi don't want anny man that knows as little as this man to tistify in anny case in this coort."

"A very dacent lookin Jew man that wuz a liyer in the case, thried fur to say somethin, but the judge put 'im down an tolt 'im to take his sate, an ivirybody in the coort room was shcared uv 'im but me an the bayluff, an he wuz a Clare man too.

"Chairlie, that judge may be a slatherin gud liyer, an we're not expectin too much uv anny judge, but shtill they ought to have some sinse.

"Oi thin wint over to the coort room wheyre theyre wuz a judge, perfound loike, an theyre Oi sits down an Oi waits fur to see

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phwat's goin on, an the case wuz all about a man named Doogan, who was suen the trolley cair company fur the proice uv his left leg. Now, ut sames that he wuz shtandin down on Clairk Shtrate on the trolley cair thrack watchin a Dago funeral go by wid a band, an doin nothin to nobody, an along comes a trolley cair an carries away the man's leg, an whither they ivir found th' pace they cut aff or not; he had'nt ut wid 'im whin he wuz in the coort room. Afther Doogan wid the short leg, an Officer Moriarity on the corner, got through wid theyre shtory, the liyer fur the trolley cair company moved to have the judge take the case away from th' the jury that had bin theyre all the toime doin nothin but lishtenin to ut, an lukked as though they wanted to do th' roight thing be Doogan's left leg. The man wuz talkin about Doogan bein guilty uv conthributory niglignce be shtandin on the thrack. "Yis," said the judge, "that's thrue, an turnin to Doogan's liyer he says, "phwat have ye to say to that?" Thin up jumps a foine little man be the name uv Quin O'Brine, an says he, wid considerable feelin "whoi, the man wuzn't doin nothin; he wuzn't aven lukkin at the cairs, an he niver done a thing, an how cud he be guilty uv conthributory niglignce whin he wuz doin nuthin?" "That's so," says the judge, "the man didn't conthribute nothin."

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Thin up roises the throlley cair liyer, "but Your Honor, siss he, phwat business had he on the throlley cair thrack widout the permission uv the throlley cair company? He wuz threspassin theyre." "That's so," says the judge, "phwat wuz he doin on the thrack?" At that up jumps little O'Brine, an shtrikin a Robert Emmet attitude, sess 'e, "here's a poor workin man fleein frum cinturies uv British misrule an opprission on the wan soide, usin the shtrate fur ligitimate purposes, doin rivirince to the dead, an here on th' uther soide is a bloated, soulless graspin corporation, usin the pape's roight uv way, an wilfully and maliciously injurin me client. Surely 'tis the law that ut's fur the jury to say how much shall be paid me client fur his left leg, or wurds to that effect." "Yes," says the judge, "that's throe; lit the case go on." An the case wint on to the jury, an Doogan an O'Brine came out ahid, as they shud.

"Now, Chairlie, theyre's a man, full uv dislocated law, an all he nades is a man to tell 'im phwat to do, an he'd do ut if he cud.

Oi thin wint over in the Criminal Coort. Theyre Oi wint into a place wheyre a judge be the name o' Gibbons (Oi think he's a Galway man) wuz sittin. Now, if theyre's a place in this town wheyre ye kin git good shmashin law, ut's over in th' Criminal Coort. Over theyre ut's loike the Clare man said uv

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Tiprary, "one man's as bad as anuther, ony worse," an whoile they do once in a whoile foind a man guilty, the jury ginerally duz justice an lits the man go, if he's not a naygur. Over theyre a Jew's as gud as a Gurman if the Gurman behaves himself.

"The frsht case they had theyre, wuz the Shtate uv Illinois agin Patrick McCaffrey. Patsy wuz a boy about sixhteen years ould, an he wuz chairged wid shtalin, an theyre wuz four policemin theyre that caught 'im doin ut. The judge lukked at 'im an says he "have ye a mother?" "Yis," sess 'e. "Wheyre is she?" "Oi don't know," says the boy. "Wheyre wuz she whin ye lasht heerd uv her?" "She wuz out washin." "Duz yur mother think yur're guilty?" "Oi don't know," says 'e. "Well, air ye guilty?" "Oi don't know," says Patsy. "Wheyre duz yur mother live?" "She lives out on Archie Avenue." "Give me her number, an take this boy away until Oi can go an see his mother an foind out whither he's guilty or not." "Oi can't convict a boy uv his tinder years as a thafe upon the ividince uv the police alone, whin the boy duzn't know himsilf whither he's guilty or not, an his mother's not here to hilt 'im out."

"Now, Chairlie, that's a gud man an Oi'll vote fur 'im.

"Thin Oi wint over to Eddie Dunne's coort.

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Ye see, Oi knew Eddie Dunne before he wint shtudyin law; whin he only lived on the Wesht Soide. Oi wint theyre, an the case wuz called intoitled Shtate uv Illinois agin Patrick Lavin. Says Judge Dunne: "Wheyre's the prisoner?" A little, very dacent lukkin Oirishman got up. "Is yur name Lavin?" says Eddie. "Yis," says 'e. "Who's the persecutin witness?" A big chunk of a felly shtood up. "Now, says 'e, phwat's the chairge?" "Assault wid a didly wippin," says Frank Crowe. "Wheyre's the didly wippin," says Eddie. "We've got ut here," an at that Crowe picked up about the half uv a brick that wuz layin on the table. Eddie lukked at ut in disgusht. Says 'e, "Wuz the man kilt?" "No," says Crowe, "but he moight have bin." "But he wuzn't," says the coort, an continuin: "Now, first and foremosht, 'tis for the coort to decoide, is a brick a didly wippin?" "Oi think not," says Dunne. "They've bin usin brick bats loike that fur more thin a hundred years in Oireland at all christenins, weddins, fayres an wakes, an no man ivir hurd uv annywan bein kilt be wan o' thim, an frum me own experience on the Wesht Soide, whey're they're in common use in all frindly foights, no wan wuz ivir kilt be wan o' thim, theyrefore, a brick bat is not a didly wippin. Let the indictmint be quashed, an the prisoner be dis-

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chaired." Now, Chairlie, theyre's gud law fur ye. Theyre's both sinse an law, an Oi'll vote and wuurk fur Eddie Dunne fur that.

Thin Oi wint acrosht the hall an saw a foreign name on the dure, so Oi wint in think-in fur to foind a Dago judge, but Oi no sooner had me hid in the dure whin Oi saw that the judge, loike Bismairk, had on a very imposin lukk, an I turned to a Gurman man an says Oi "that's a foine lukkin man," an, says 'e, "yis, he lukks very kaiserlich." "Your're roight," says Oi (not knowin phwat he mint), but realizin that he lukked loike the impiror, an Oi always filt that the impiror wuz a bigger man thin his uncle Ed annyhow. An he is, too, Chairlie.

"They wuz thryin a case theyre agin a thafe, an a lady be the name uv Genevieve Hurley wuz on the witness shtand fur to prove he dun ut, an she shwore she'd been livin wid the prisoner as his woife under the common law, an that she'd anuther husband who wuzn't did. At that a young man frum before the masht in Moran's Law College, who wuz definidin the prisoner, said he objected to her tishtimony because she wuz the common law woife uv the prisoner an cudn't be allowed to shware agin 'im. "Phwat," says the coort, "an she another husband livin? Not on yur loife, not on yur loife, young man," says the coort, an the luk he

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gave that law shtudent wuz perfectly with-
erin.

"Now, theyre's a foine, upshtandin judge fur ye; an he luks to me loike a man that's bound to have his own way, aven whin he don't know phwat it is. He's full of infal-
libility, an although he's wrong, he's nivir mishtaken, an whin he decoided the woman moight be common, but she wuzn't in the law the man's woife, he uphild dacency, an that wuz doin a gud dale fur a man in hoigh so-
ciety in thim days, an Oi'll vote fur him."

JUDGES, LAWYERS, AND OTHERS

(Annual Dinner, of Law Club, June 1, 1906.)

ONE day last week my friend, Mike Monaghan, called on me. I was glad to see him, as he keeps me informed on what is of interest to the members of the Law Club. I will report as near as I can what he said.

"Oi'm jusht afther lavin wan o' the boats tied up be the shtroike o' the pilots. Me not belongin to the dockwallopers ur the Pilots union, is, of coorse sufferin fur employmint. That wuz a whoile ago. Since thin Oi got a sight on a jury here in the Criminal Coort an so Oi'm poshted on phwat's goin on in town.

"Oi see they had a judges' banquet at Joliet the other noight. You see on thim shwell banquets they sometoimes, fur intertainmint, has a go bechune a couple o' handy bys, but at this here affeyer they shprung a sort uv an impromptu shpontaneous schrap on 'em. A couple o' politicians borrowed avenin cloes, an bechune words an whiskey the lie came aisy, an they wuz at ut. A man troid fur to referee the foight, an jist whin ut wuz mosht interistin to the gueshts, troid to git 'em to break away, an, of coorse, he got

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shlugged fur ut, as he shud be. Phwat business had he fur to interfeyer wid their plisure? Will, phwat will they do nixt fur intertainmint? But this wuz a thruly dimicratic affeyer.

"Oi see our frind, Judge Cairter, is runnin agin. Phwat duz he want to give up the County Judge shnap that he have fur, an take inshtud of it, a quiet place on the suprame Coort wid nothin in ut but work? Chairlie, theyre's a man that's made more gud frindly an' hairmless spaches to ladies' societies, Young Min's Christian Associations an fraternities, an had liss judicial work to do, an more min to help 'im do ut, than anny judge in the county. He's a moighty kind sort of a man, he trun manny little over toime jobs to his neighbor judges, an besoides bein ginerous, he wuz feyre, an favored home rule because he remimbered mosht of the county judges in the neighborhood. He have Judge Magruder shkinned to death on sociability an gladness. If he had the illustrious name of William Fennimore Cooper, an Magruder's soize an weight, he'd be a shure winner, but he may win as ut is, fur O'im only a dimicrat an Oi may be wrong.

"Cairpinter's boy is runnin fur judge an runnin well, Oi hear. Oi think Oi'll vote fur 'im. He knows the shmell o' tar, an he ought to have a sailor fur a bayluff, but Doyle that's

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agin 'im, have hoigh judicial qualities, bein a politician an a frind o' Mayor Dunne's.

"Chairlie, of coorse, ye know about this man McCarty sayin, or intimatin that Col. Riddle got nixt to Judge Honore, an inflooned his decision. I undershtand the Bair Association tolt 'em to niver do ut agin, an ivirybody, the judge, McCarty, the bair an aven Riddle, is perfectly satisfied wid phwat they dun. But McCarty ought to know betther. Whin ye have ut in fur a judge, ye ought to do phwat Proivate Foley dun to Liftinant Cairter. Says he to the liftinant wan day afther a parade: "Ef a proivate sojer called ye a damn shcalliwag phwat wud ye do to 'im?" "Put 'im in the gaird house," says the liftinant. "An if he did'nt say ut, but ony thought ut, phwat cud ye do?" "Nothin," says the liftinant. "Well," says Foley, "let ut go at that."

"Remimber that in a go wid a judge, yer always under weight, an yer shure to git the count before yur true wid ut, an yur lible to git pinched besoides.

Say, Chairlie, is this here Judge Chitlin a frind o' yours? Oi thought so. Oi see theyre goin to have the Bair Association invistigate 'im. Little good that'll do him. Ut's loike bein knocked down, an yur oiye blacked, an thin have a frind come an say he's sorry fur ye, an the other fellah had no

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business fur to do ut, but wid all that, the discolor uv yur oiye, an the pain in yur face an yur hait ye have jusht the same.

"Say, Chairlie, afther ut's all over, why don't ye give 'em a banquet loike ye usually duz? Ye cud do ut, make ut a case o' personal privilege, or personal injry, an all the strait cair companies, accidint insurance companies, railroads an thim that's agin 'em 'll have to take tickets, at foive a throw, an theyre ye air, wid plinty uv money.

"Chairlie, do ye know Col. Kavanagh? He have a foine miltry record. Ah, he wuz the boy — he tuk away from theyre hants here, the foinest lot o' foightin tarriers the counthry ivir knowed. An they wuz took aff into camp be thimsilves, an they tell me they dun more foightin in camp thin ivir wuz done in Cuba.

"The kernel is a man filled with miltry glory. He have a foine miltry ayer. They say whin he lift fur the war, he had brass buttons sewed on his noightshirt, so in case he shud be called out suddintly in the noight to quell a dishturbance, he cud have the badge uv office on 'im. He used to wroite all his litters to his nixt besht gurrl, on the hid uv a droom, an phwoile he wuz writin he had a drummer boy playin patriotic ayirs loike the "Wearin o' the Green" and "St. Patrick's Day," so he cud acquire mairshal inshpira-

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tion. Although loike iviry thrue-barn Oirishman, he wuz full o' gallanthry toward the ladies, yit firsht an foremosht, his sword wuz his broide (he bein a bachelor), an iviry noight he shlept wid it naked by his soide. Talkin about min in trouble:

"Theyre do be a great manny min that remoid me uv the shtory they tell uv the ostrich that hoides his hid in the sand, an thinks he's safely hid frum his pursooers. Thim banquets duz about the same thing, but ut makes a man's hid an hairt fale gud fur a whoile annyhow. Oi have great sympathy fur a man in the judge's place. Phwat is ut the pote says: "a felly feelin makes us wondrus koind." Say, Chairlie, theyre's very few uv us that 'ud cair to have pable know some uv the things we dun. We all, or narely all, have our own wakenesses or unconvintionalities.

"Phwat is ut Burns, the pote, says: "Ef we cud see oursilves as uthers see us, 'twud do us a damn soight o' gud," or wurd to that iffect; but, Chairlie, if uthers cud see us as we see oursilves, ut ud go haird wid us; mosht uv us 'ud be doin pinnance, an some uv us 'ud be in jail. That's whoi Oi'm sympathizin wid the judge an all those that's in throuble. Besoides, Oi know, fur loike the judge, Oi've bought gole moines in me day. Chairlie, do ye know ut's betther to buy a gole brick thin

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a gole moine? Who ivir heerd uv a man buyin a secon gole brick, but who is ut who has'nt taken a secon, yes, a thurd an a fourth chanst at a gole moine? The dufference is, whin ye buy a gole brick ye know yer sold, an ye go an buy a jag to drown yer shame, but whin ye've bought a gole moine, ye fale rich, an ye buy jags fur all the bys, shpind yer money, an kape on hopin an hopin, an that's all theyre is uv ut, fur the case is pasht hope frum the shtairt, an yer money is gone.

"Say, Chairlie, Oi wish ye cud git me a soight to ship as bayluff. Oi'm terribly fond o' lawyers an coorts."

MONAGHAN'S INSPECTION OF THE OLD COURT-HOUSE

(At the Law Club Dinner, November, 1907.)

MOST of you doubtless have read the articles in the Chicago Tribune by one "Peppys" in relation to the deplorable condition of the court-house. As most of you know, I too, as a representative of the Bar Association, had made explorations of this modern ruin, and something of this had appeared in the daily newspapers.

My friend Monaghan had read these articles, and having nothing better to do, came to my office. After telling me he had laid up his ship for the winter, he said:

"Oi see, Chairlie, ye're at the ould business of thryin to be a reformer, doin somethin that don't pay, an theyre's nawthin in, an nobody will thank ye fur."

I told him, however, to take a trip to the court-house, and that he would find it far from being in "ship-shape."

"Oi'll do that," says he, "an Oi'll shtan' aroun an see phwat Oi can hear, an Oi'll cum back an give ye me onbiased opinion."

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He came back yesterday, and this is what he said:

"About foive o'clock yisterday Oi wint through the ole pile o' shtones, an to tell ye the trute Oi wuz ashamed o' me towny, Tom Barrett, the sheriff. Fur he's the captain theyre, Oi hear. Oi don't blame him so much, moind ye, as Oi do the mate he carries, fur ut's the mate's juty to kape the ship clane an in order. 'Tis his duty to kape the decks shcrubbed, the paint washed, the brass shcoured, the riggin tarred down, an the ropes coiled away, but bliss ye, Chairlie, ye ought to see the crew he had shipped fur to do ut.

"Lit me tell ye phwat Oi overheard whin they didn't see me. Oi wuz on the thurd flure, whin along comes a big woman that Oi aftherwards found out wuz Mrs. Bridget McGraw, a dishtant relation uv Capt. Andrew McGraw, him that losht the bark 'Board O' Trade' on Lake Arie way back in the '70's. She called out to a Shwade woman: 'Luk here you, Oi want ye.' The little Shwade woman cum up makely an says Bridget to her: 'Who's this here Peppis man that put a pace in the Thrybune about dusht an durt in this buildin? My Kate red ut an tolt me about ut. Phwat Oi want to know is, phwat business have he to be makin jokes about this place, talkin about diggin up rilics in the dusht here? Oi don't caire phwat pull he

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have. Oi'd have him know that wid Tommy Gahan an the bys in the ole town o' Lake, not a hundred nor two hundred o' him kin foire me, nor Tom Barrett ayther. Now, Huldy, if ye have the coorage uv a mouse, shpake up, fur ut's you he's afther, fur Oi saw ye throw a pail o' shwapeins down on the illivator in the illivator shaft a month ago, an mosht uv ut's theyre yit.'

"Huldy, an her uther name's Shwanson, an she's a firsht cousin o' Chairlie Shwanson, who ushed to be mate o' the John Loomis McLaren, shpoke up: 'I tank I daon' give oop my yob. Mester Reddick he ees gode fren o' mine, an I got annuder gode wan ees judge in dess coort-house, an he got a beg pule, en Mester Barrett he can't help it, an he daon discharge me, but I din' trow nodding en elewator.'

"'You didn't'! says Bridget. 'Don't talk to me,' says she, 'ye lily whoite Shwade; Oi'll have none o' yur back talk; ut's down the illivator Oi'll trow you if you git fresh wid me, an'—

"'Ladies, ladies!' says a moild, aisy man, jusht thin cummin along, 'don't forgit wheyre, an who ye air.'

"'Gwan theyre, you,' says Bridget, 'moind ye're own affeyres, an we ladies'll moind ours; be off wid ye, ye bum politician, an git out o' here, Huldy, or Oi'll lose me timper.'

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"She thin sat down in a comfortable airm chair she had theyre whoile she caught her shtrong breath.

"An do ye know who the moild, aisy man wuz? Shure 'twaz the mate, an they call 'im cushtodian o' the buildin, so he can draw more thin a mate's pay.

"Oi wuz jusht about to cum away whin Oi saw a large, rid-faced woman cumin up to Bridget. She lukked mad, an Oi shtopped wheyre Oi wuz to hear more uv ut. Ut sames this wuz the wan they call Dutch Mary, an on the North Soide wheyre she lives, they call her Mrs. Busenbeisser. Sez she: 'Miss Megrah, who iss dat Pippi man dat in de paper wried dat we de coort-house don'd clean keep.' Look out once when he here comes, I fix 'im yet. Suppose I dink he can git us fired? Not mit your life. Judge Too-ley is mine friend, un Judge Brentano too, not yet Mr. Barrett kin discharge me. I got a congress member und a coundy commissioner behind my back; I like to see 'em. I make em no drubble, but look oud once.'

"'Whisht,' says Bridget, holdin up her hand, fur jusht thin a couple o' Sisters o' Charity wuz cumin out o' Judge Gibbons' room, an all was shtill an quiet, an as the shtory tellers say, 'an durin the confusion o' the silence that purvailed,' Oi ducked.

"Now, Chairlie, do ye know phwat Oi'd do

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in Tom Barrett's place? Oi'd put the whole gang on the dock, mate, min an women, an all, an ship a new crowd, an thin Oi'd turn 'em to an clane up the ship, an kape her clane.

"Say, Chairlie, phwat's this Oi hear about appintin a boy jusht out o' the navigation school, phwat nivir sailed, a captain in chancery? 'Tis passin shtrange how, whin and wheyre they foinds thim Captains in Chancery."

MEMBERS OF THE BAR AS VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS

(At the Annual Dinner of the Law Club, May 28, 1908.)

MY friend, Mike Monaghan, was in to see me the other day. He is, as most of you know, an old-time sailor, and has been a captain of a schooner, and since then a mate of steamers. He is an old friend and occasionally comes in to see me and tells me things, and what he said was about this way:

"Well, Chairlie, theyre's shmall hopes fur a man loike me gettin aven a mate's berth these days, whin the money kings o' Wall Shtreet air usin us workin min as clubs wid which to hit Tiddy (Roosevelt), the Prisidint. Oi've been doin nothin fur the lasht week or two but goin round seein phwat's goin on.

"The uther day Oi wuz over to Voglesang's takin a glass o' beer an Oi saw lots o' liyers comin into the place, an Oi asked phwat they were doin theyre, an Al, the bairkeep, tolt me, the Bair Association had a luncheon theyre iviry day on Winsday, so Oi tuk a luk at 'em, an they air as foine a lukkin lot o' min as you'd foind in anny Odd Fellows Lodge, but they were doin nothin but talkin an atin.

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Whoi don't ye have a little vaudyville in connection wid de lunch? Ut wud draw 'em into you, an ye have the talent roight in the association. Now, lit me tell ye. You moight have Judge Hanecy to ask the blessin, an give the binidiction an nobody wud know be the luks of 'im but that he an Faither Dorney got their livin the same way, Oi mane be the way o' the plate.

"Oi don't know jusht phwat Oi'd have Judge Baker do, but he kin act, Oi know ut, fur Oi've seen 'im. Wid a little trainin he'd make a foine knock-about comaydian. He an George Brandt ud make a great team.

"Fur iccentricity Judge Shtein have Louis Mann, the actor, bate to a pulp, fur he's the rale thing, an Louis Mann is only an imitation.

"Ye moight git up yersilf, an do a Jew shtunt, an theyre'd be no nade o' disguisin yersilf at that, fur ye luk the pairt. Now, don't git sore, fur Oi'm flatterin ye. An thin ye have anuther man theyre be the name o' Frank Walker. Oi watched 'im over in the thrial they had, wheyre the Northweshtern Railroad thried to confishcate a lot o' property over on Canal Shtrate to build a big, new passinger depot on, an the jury shtruck fur more pay, an they got ut before they'd bring in a verdict fur the company. Well, this here Walker, he have an Inja rubber

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complexion, a wonderful acrobatic countenance, an he have Pete Daily shinned as a facial convulshionist. Ut wuz as gud as a show to see 'im thyrin that case. He's a gud, able man an he'd go to the mat wid a firsht class monologue shtunt, purvidin ye had a riferee an a toime-kaper, so's not to toire 'em all out.

"An thin theyre's anuther man ye have theyre, who'd be a firsht class man fur the cintral figger in a Passion Play. He cud deliver the 'Sermon on the Mount,' an theyre'd be no danger of anny joke gittin in ut whoile he wuz doin ut. He certainly luks the pairt; he have the figger, the whishkers, an the complexion, an he's suffered more outrages thin anny man at the bair. He cum near gittin us imbroiled in a war wid Aushtria, fur they say he shlandered the Imperor. 'Twaz claimed he sid or intimated, that the Impriss wuz entitled to a divorce frum the Imperor on shtatutory grounds. But phwat's the use uv bein an Imperor if ye can't have all the privileges uv the shtage, besoides goin to a show widout payin?

"Thin, ye moight have the two Kellys; O'Kelly an Kelly, put on the mitts an foight fur a decision, an the championship uv the Law Club. (Oi mane Shweeney Oakley an Kelly, the Mashter in Chancery.) Oi say, Chairlie, duz a Mashter in Chancery have to

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be a liyer, ur do they pick 'em out as they do the judges uv the Municipal Coort?

"An thin, Col. J. Ham Lewis wud be foine in a wan act scene entoitled 'Among the Crowned Hids o' Europe,' showin the kernel intertainin the crowned hids, male an female, wid his illoquence.

"Thin shurely theyre musht be some wan theyre that cud sing a sintimintal song loike 'Wud Mother's Teeth Fit Clara?' or similar poplar music. Oi say, how wud Walter Fisher do fur that? Ut sames to me ye cud make thim luncheons very interestin; they'd be bettther thin mosht o' thim foive cint theyaters on amatoor noight.

"Thim air foine coort rooms ye have in the new buildin. Oi wint into the coort room theyre, an Oi saw the judge that used to be the judge in the kid coort. That's the coort wheyre if the father an mother don't bring 'em up, he sinds 'em down. Oi undershtand the law theyre wuz the law o' God an the fellowship o' man. They tell me that whin this here judge got back into the common law coort, he brought back wid 'im the law uv the love o' God an the fellowship o' man, an decoided a case accordin to that, which, uv coorse, wuz conthrary to law, an the Suprame Coort as much as said to 'im whin they reversed 'im (but not in thim wuurd, uv coorse). Phwat the hell has the love o' God

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or the fellowship o' man to do wid the common law coorts annyhow?

"Say, Chairlie, Oi'd loike to ship as a bay-luff in wan o' thim coorts. They gits gud pay fur doin nothin, an the County takes nothin off whin theyre not wuurkin. In the mane toime Oi'll go over an see Dinny Sullivan an see if he can git me a mate's berth on wan o' thim shteel thrust boats, an if not, thin Oi'll have to go wheelin, but ut's a shame to see a man o' my larnin at the wheel, whin Oi ought to be on top an not in the pilot house."

WANDERING THROUGH THE COURT-HOUSE

(Law Club Dinner, December 11th, 1908, Celebrating the 25th
Anniversary of the Organization of the Club.)

CAPTAIN Michael Joseph Monaghan, to give him his title and full name, came to see me not long ago and I'll tell you what he said:

"Well, Oi'm ashore agin an little chanct o' moi goin out agin this year. 'Twas a poor saison, but Chairlie, did ye ivir notice how full uv hope an dishoppointment the world is? Whin the shpring freights air poor, they tells ye they'll be betther in the fahl, but ginerally theyre not. A young man will shtairt out sailin, an whin he cums up agin the hairdships uv the man before the masht he says: 'Well, Oi'll be on the pilot house some day. In uther wurrds, they're comin to ut jusht a little ways fairther on. Ut remoids me uv the shtory uv the Oirishman who ordered the whiskey punch at the public house. The gurl mixed ut up an handed ut to 'im; he tashted ut an says he: 'Phwat did ye putt in the glass fursht? The whiskey? An thin the wather? Ah, well, thin Oi'll be comin to ut.'

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"Phwat wud become uv us in this world if we did'nt think we'd be comin to ut?

"Well," (lookin out of my window at the new court-house) Mike continued: "'Tis a foine coort-house ye have, Chairlie. The uther day they had open house theyre, that is, they launched the coort-house officially, an bein ashore an havin nothin to do, Oi wint down theyre an wuz shtandin in front uv the place, whin who shud cum along but me frind, Dan Conley, an wid him Gus Anderson, an little Tim Hurley, an Oi wuz that glad to see 'em, we wint acrosh Clairk Shtrate an had a drink. Well, maybe we had more thin wan drink, but annyhow Oi offered to show 'em through the coort-house, me havin bin thro ut before an theyrefore bein a pilot theyre, an so they came.

"The firsht coort room we wint into says Oi: 'do ye see the man sittin up on the platform on the chaire? Well, that's no chaire, that's a binch; that's phwat they call a chaire in Latin.

"This is the coort o' the dead. 'Tis the coort uv lasht resort. Ut's the only coort in Cook County that a man has to die to git into. Usually a man begins wid the docthor, thin cums the undertaker, thin the pracher, an thin he gits heyre. That is, not him, but phwat he didn't take wid 'im. An the poor divil is affen made to shtand fur a lot o'

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things he wudn't have shtood fur had he been livin.

"The coort is heyre to see that iviry man gits a fair chanct at phwat the man didn't take wid 'im, an affen ut cums to phwat George Gilman's shtory remoids me uv. Casey had some money an property, an afther havin raised his children an loosin his woife, thought he'd go to Oireland, so Casey's children had Joe, the ouldest wan, go to ould Casey an talk to 'im; so Joe said to 'im, 'faither, ye're goin a long ways frum home; don't ye think ye'd betther make yer will?' 'Me will?' 'Phwat'd Oi make me will fur?' 'Ony so we'd know phwat yer givin us.' 'Givin ye? Givin ye? Shure, Oi fought fur all Oi got, an ye'll have to do the same.'

"Whoile we were shtandin theyre a man called out somethin. Says Dan to me, 'is that an undertaker theyre?' 'Yis' says Oi, 'he's the undertaker uv the coort, but they call 'im the bayluff. They also have a clerk who acts as sixton, an the judge duz the prachin. Whoi don't they weare mornin? Oi don't know, but they shud, fur ut's a terrible solemn place, although the judge don't luk ut.

"An thin Oi tuk 'em over to another coort room on the same flure, an sis Oi: 'the ancisters uv this heyre Judge cum over frum Norway in a canoe dug out uv a log, an

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theyre boat bein shnall, they landed in Rhode Island, which is the shmalest Shtate in the Union, an wuz no bigger thin than ut is now. They received about as frindly a reception theyre as a Chicago baseball club duz in New York, an unfortunately fur the Schandinavians, theyre bein no Oirish in the counthry, theyre wuz no police foorce to kape the peace, an so the natives mobbed thim Schandinavians an this judge's ancisters niver got back to Norway. The natives tuk the only pinnant they had frum 'em, an aven killed the umpoire they had wid 'em. This heyre judge may be discinded frum that umpoire, but nivirtheliss he's a very dacent man, although the dimicrats didn't vote fur 'im.

"Thin Oi wint to anuther coort room, an says Oi to the bys, 'this heyre judge is a direct discindent uv wan o' the losht troibes uv Israel. They were losht before he wuz borun. Theyre bein no reward out fur theyre return, the police air makin no unusual ifforts fur to foind 'em, an consequently they'll have to report theyre found, otherwise they'll shtay losht. Fur a man who had no ancisters, he's fond uv children an theyre-fere perfectly hairmliss.'

"This judge is wan o' the few of his fellow discindints who has no money. Ut has bin said that the Oirish air discindints uv wan o' the losht troibes uv Israel. This, however,

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is a low, base shlander, fur if the discindints uv thim that were saved an air now livin, air loike thim that were losht, theyre not loike the Oirish, fur whoiver heard uv a Jew thryin to git on the police foorce, an theyre air no Oirish pawnbrokers, an besoides that the Jews air a peaceable papple. No, phwativer may have become of thim losht troibes, an whiriver they air, theyre not broke, an so nobody is worryin about 'em.

"This heyre judge is a shtout lukin man, but he did'nt git fat on law, fur the law isn't fattinin. Mosht liyers air thin an poor, ex-cipt corporation liyers, an they git fat on theyre fees, an because they ate wid promoters an brokers who have to ate an live well to make a showin. A broker's a man who watches uther min go broke, an makes money aff 'em whoile theyre goin.

"Ye'll notice that iviry wance in a whoile he schowls an frowns; that's not natural wid 'im, but he has to do ut to kape order bechune the mimbers o' the bair, otherwise they'd trow pinholders an paipers at aich uther. Oh, thim liyers air terruble schrap-pers, an if theyre's Oirish blood in theyre veins they enjoys ut.

"Thin Oi want to the County Commissioners room. This is the room wheyre the wise County Commissioners sit and think, an thin git upon their feet an moshtly talk.

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Manny uv the laws that air broken in Cook County air made heyre. Whoile these heyre Commissioners air perfectly sane on mosht things, they shtill sympathize wid thim that air crazier thin they air, but wid no chanct to make money, an consiquintly they kape a crazy house or asylum fur theyre accomidation. A gud manny min air appinted to office frum this room. No matther phwat may have been a man's previous condition uv servitude; no matther how low he may have bin, ur how bad, he musht have had a phost-graduate coorse in practical politics before he's fit to hold office. Practical politics is a wonderful educator, ut aven makes shtates-min out o' poor liyers, an rich min out o' ex-conshtables an shtrate cair conductors, an theyrefore makes fit theyre discindints fur foreign and domestic nobility. If ye want to see yur children grown up proud and prosperous, call 'em out o' the Sunday School an make politicians uv 'em, an if properly thrained they'll always git into the winnin soide, an thin, although they may have bin no gud as a boy or a min, they git famous as rich fathers of noble countesses.

"Some o' these commissioners are elicted frum the counthry an some frum the city. Theyre air gud min among 'em, notwithstanding theyre luks.

"Thin Oi wint over to anuther room, an

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sess Oi: 'This heyre judge, although he duzn't luk ut, is a republican an yit he's as popular as a cardinal an theyrefore he gits a very large religous vote besoides the republican. He's very fond uv children, not havin anny uv his own, an theyrefore appinted the youngest well dressed man he cud foind among the mimbers uv the Bair a Mashter in Chancery, which greatly increased his popularity among practical politicians.'

Afther that we wint out an tuk anuther drink, an thin afther we got out on the shtrate said Oi: 'Say, boys, have ye bin over to Lincoln Pairk to see the wolves, bears an lions? Yis? Well, thin Oi'll take ye over to Judge Landis's coort.

Ye know he's the judge that foined the Shtandard Ile Company uv Indiana twenty-noine an some odd million dollars (but nivir moind the shmall change). But the Coort uv Appeals reversed his decision because the Indiana Ile Company only had tin million dollars, sayin: Ut's agin the firsht principles uv the law fur ye to shake down, hold up, or foine a man more than he's got. An roight they air, fur aven a coroner who have firsht search, can take no more aff the corpse thin he have on 'im. An besoides that, the Coort said he foined the wrong man, because ut wuz some wan ilse who dun ut.

"Ut remoids me uv the shtory Paddy

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Gorman used to tell. Theyre wuz an Oirish-man in Buffalo be the name o' Dan Murphy, who had a firsht cousin cum out frum Oireland to see 'im. Dan wuz a porter in the Tift House, an whin Jim arroived they wint out an had some drinks to cilibrate his cumin, an whin ut cum toime to go to bid, Dan sess to Jim, sess he, 'Oi'll have ye put in the same room wid the nayger waiters, but they'll do ye no hairm, an they shlope sound an long, an Oi'll call ye at foive in the marnin.' So afther Jim wuz well ashleep, Dan bein a bit uv a wag himsilf, wint to Jim's room an blacked his face, an after that Jim lyin in bid luked loike the rist o' the naygers. At foive o'clock Dan called Jim, sayin, 'Jim git up, ut's foive o'clock. Jim got up an as he dun so he happened to luk in a glass opposite, an seein his face all black he rushed to the dure an calls out to Dan 'cum back heyre, cum back heyre; ye've called the wrong man.' 'So, they said, ut's wid Judge Landis; he foined the wrong company.

"Well, whin we got over theyre to Judge Landis's coort we waited awhoile, an although ut wuz the Judge's watch on dick, an the watch wuz called, he wuz shlow comin up on dick. The firsht thing that happened wuz a silver growler wuz brought in on a silver tray be a cabin by. The judge tuk ut an poured out an drank two or three glasses, an

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phwat do you think ut wuz? Nothin but wather. He drank ut as though he loiked ut. 'Phwat duz he take ut fur?' says Dan. 'Well,' says Oi, 'ut's droi business sittin here, an they have nothin shtronger thin wather in the house.' 'My Gawd, he'll wather-log,' says Dan, afther seein him take three glasses runnin.

"Says Dan, pointin to the inclosure wheyre the liyers wuz sittin, 'phwat's thim? Is ut an auction comin off here?' 'No, says Oi, wid indignation, tis the Bankruptcy Coort.' Says Dan, 'but they all luk aloike.' 'Yis,' says Oi, 'an ut's hard to tell 'em apairt, but whin the coort shpakes to wan o' thim he points his finger at him, an thin he knows the coort is afther 'im.' Says Dan: 'He's not as big a man as I shposed he wuz.' 'No,' says Oi, 'he's not aven in the welter weight class excipt fur hayre, but he's a perfect Samson whin ut cums to hayre.'

"We shtayed a whoile longer, but theyre wuz nothin doin but a patent case, an a patent liyer began to airgue, an uv coorse, ivirybody that had anny uther place to go to, lift the coort room, an theyre wuz no excoitmint theyre excipt the judge drinkin more wather.

"Say, Chairlie, have thim patent liyers got anny humor? No, Oi thought not. Do they ivir git through? Yis, Oi know they

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shtop, but do they ivir git through? Ut sames to me as though a patent liyer's conclusion is loike the horizon, ye can always see ut, but ye nivir git to ut.

"Well, he says, fur fear ye'll think me too horizontal in me talk, Oi'll lave ye now, so that some uther toime Oi'll cum an ye'll be glad to see me again.'"

THE JUDICIAL CAMPAIGN

(Annual Dinner of Law Club, May 21, 1909.)

“CHAIRLIE, theyre’s goin to be anuther judicial eliction. Oi’m ashore until the shtroike is over annyhow, an Oi’ll be here until afther the eliction, an Oi remimber phwat ye tolt me whin Oi asked ye about the candidates six yares ago. Ye tolt me to go an foind out, an Oi dun so be goin over to the coort house an seein ’em workin. But ut’s diffurent now. Ut’s the intintion an object uv thim that luk after the republican wilfare uv the pape uv this county to save the voters that trouble. So they have in place uv ut a binch show, as ut were (Oi don’t mane a dog show, an don’t be laughin at me, fur ut’s a sayrious matter). ‘I’m not laughing,’ said I, ‘but what do you mean?’ ‘Well, ’tis this way.

“The republican political thrusht appint wan o’ theyre min that holds office, or wud loike to, to bring all the judges together, an they take ’em around to the duffurent wards.’ ‘Do they have only the republicans?’ ‘Uv coorse, only the republicans, shure.’ ‘Do they rope ’em?’ ‘Do ye mane do they tie ’em together loike they do thim tourishts

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that climb mountains? No, uv coorse not.' They're not allowed to drink annything shtronger thin pop, so they're in no danger uv loosin 'em. They're kep loike a bayluff kapes a jury. Well, whin he gits into the hall, wan o' the thrust min acts as a sort uv a cross bechune a bairker at a soide show an an interlocutor at a minsthrel performance. He tills the crowd phwat foine republicans they air, an how long they served in the pairty, an wheyre they cum frum, an that's all annywan nades to know. Thin he inthroduces thim, wan be wan, loike ye'd inthroduce the Albino lady, or a boy conshtrictor, or the livin shkeleton at a soide show. Thin ivirybody luks at 'em an some clap theyre hans, an some jusht laughs.

"Oi suppose they fale loike the fairmers in the shtory they till about that Indiana man that Prisdint Harrison appinted Attoorney Ginral uv the Unoited Shtates. Well, this heyre Attoorney Ginral thought he'd go back to the little town in Vermont or New York wheyre he cum frum, an lit the papple see pwhat a rale loive Attorney Ginral uv the Unoited Shtates wuz loike. So he cum to the little shtation an got off the cairs, an theyre wuz no wan theyre expectin 'im (he had no priss agent), so he axed a fairmer theyre, cud he roide wid 'im, he tellin 'im who he wuz.

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The fairmer tuk him aboard, an afther they got shtairted an bettther acquainted, ses this heyre Attoorney Ginral to the fairmer, 'do they know Oi'm the Attoorney Ginral uv the hull Unoited Shtates?' 'Yis,' sess he, 'they know.' 'Well, phwat do they say?' 'Well,' ses he, 'they don't say nothin, they only jess laughs.'

"But, Chairlie, theyre a lot o' gud fellows among thim judges aven tho' they air only republicans.

"Well, phwat do the judges do? Oh! nothin; they don't lit 'em, fur fear they'll say somethin that may incriminate 'em, or that may be used agin 'em whin theyre elicted. In uther wurds, they shtand silint, pladin nather guilty or not guilty, an theyrefore they dare anny man to prove ut on 'em, fur ut's undershtood in the judges union, that the candidates will furnish no ividence uv theyre own incompetency be shpoken wurds.

"Oi say, Chairlie, do judges ivir talk too much? Yis? Oh, well, maybe ut's on that account they muzzle 'em durin the show, although some uv 'em luk as though they wuz burnin up wid the hot talk they have insoide 'em. Chairlie, shure 'tis the ideel way o' runnin fur office. Ut's perfectly hairmliss, inixpinsive, an ut musht be turribly gratifin

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to some uv the candidates not to have to talk.

"Oi rid in the papers that Fred Upham has had the Prisdint endoorse the hull republican judicial ticket, warts, whiskers an all, out o' soight an onseen. Ut shows the pull Upham have in Washinton.

"The Bair Association has had the nerve to endoorse both republicans an dimicrats, regairdliss uv the pairty. But phwat duz the bair know? Shure, the pape ought to know betther thin the bair phwat they want, an they'll show ut whin eliction day cums.

"Does annywan mane to say that honest John Hanberg, an happy Roger Sullivan don't know betther who shud be judges thin the Bair Association? Shure they do. Shure, don't iviry intilligint man ask the firsht thing, whin he have a case cumin up, is the judge a republican or a dimicrat? Shure, a dimicrat wants a dimicrat judge to troy his case, an the republican the same.

"Uv coorse, ut goes widout sayin the dimicratic candidates air carryin on theyre campaign as ut shud be carried on.

"Let the pape not only see, but hear the judges an theyre frinds talk, fur who's the bist judge uv whither ur not Roger Sullivan, McGillin an Dunne have made wise nominations ur not? Firsht an foremosht, 'tis

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the candidates thimsilves, an sucondly, the pable that hear 'em talk. Fur, in dimicratic politics, nixt to seein a man foight, hearin 'em talk is the bist way uv findin out if he's fit to hould office an be a judge.

"Shure, phwat duffurence duz ut make whither a man knows the law ur not, as long as he decoides as he shud, in yur favor? That's why the Fetheration o' Labor an Maggie Haley have ut in fur some o' thim judges, fur phwat roight have anny man fur to decoide a case agin a man phwat's shtroikin, aven if he bates a man fur not shtroikin, fur annywan that don't shtroike ought to be shtruck. Fur the only gud law is the law in yur favor: all the uther is bad law.

"But, Chairlie, ut's nather heyre nor theyre, an ut's little diffurence bechune the pairties, fur mosht min air brought up to be phwat they air an have the pairty habit, an theyre-fore vote entoirely frum habit, an theyre shure to be on dick wid theyre vote whither ut's man ur monkey, liyer ur loafer runnin on theyre ticket.

Well, Chairlie, the besht Oi can do, bein a man wid a dimicratic habit, is to shtay away frum the poles, an lave Gurmans loike you, who air shtill furreigners to pairty habit, to vote regairdliss uv yur frinds, relations ur yur pairty. But phwat wud become

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uv the pairty if all min were loike Gurmans o' yur koinde? An some papele same to think pairty is as nicissary as churches, an Oi think that's so, although theyre's only wan church that's roight, an that's me own, an that's what mosht people think about their church an their pairty. Both air moshtly habit."

PHILOSOPHY AND PATHOS

(Annual Dinner of the Law Club, May, 1910.)

“WELL, Chairlie, how air ye? Oh, Oi’m pretty well. Oi don’t bore as well as Oi used to. Oi’m not as sound; Oi’m afraid they air weak and dozey shpots in me frames, planks and cinterboard box. Oi have to go into dry dock aftener thin Oi used to, an Oi can’t carry on an buck a head sea anny more, or ut ud be hell at the pumps. Oi moight wather log or aven founder at that. So whin ut comes bad wither now, Oi aither hayve to, or run fur shilter. But in foine wether Oi carry as well, an make as gud headway as Oi iver did, an Oi don’t know but betther, fur Oi don’t shteer so woild, an Oisailashtaighter coorse, an make betther toime.

“Well, how air ye? Yis, Oi know your’re busy an all that, but ye remoid me uv me frinds Pat Casey an Dan Connolly. Do ye moind the fall uv ’80 whin a lot o’ thim wint ashore in the hivy gale the Alpena wuz losht in? Well, these lads wuz shipwrecked in the same gale, and losht all theyre clothes an dunnage, an whin they laid up they hadn’t enough lift, afther buyin winther clothes, to pay Mrs. Murphy on Canal Shtrate, fur a full winther’s boord, an so whin ut cum Feb-

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ruary they wuz broke, an near bein turned out o' theyre boardin house, an so they got busy lukin fur a job. Well, wan day Casey found wuurk claynin a sewer, an Dan wint around the nixht day to see Casey on the job, an whin he sees 'im all dirty wid the wuurk he said to 'im 'Well, Pat,' says he, 'how do ye do?' 'All roight,' says Pat, 'O'im wuurkin.' 'Yis.' says Dan, 'Oi know yur wuurkin, *but air ye happy?*'

"An Chairlie, ut's the same wid you an all uv us. Ye may be wuurkin, but the feyre question always is, *air ye happy?* If ye air not, an ye're well, an not sick, thin moi advice is, go an luk fur somebody that ain't well, or is broke, or in haired luck, an do somethin fur 'im. Ut takes but little to make such as thim happy, an you'd forgit yur own troubles, an be glad ut's no worse wid you. In fact, whin ye fale blue, put yursilf in the place uv the uther fellow that's worse off, an ye'll foind ye ought to be happy annyhow, aven though ye're not.

"Say, Chairlie, wudn't ut be a gud thing if thim colleges 'ud have phwat they call a cheyre on 'Putt yursilf in the uther fellow's place?' Uv coorse, this wudn't hilp thim that git theyre schoolin in 'Knocks College.' Oi don't mane Knox College at Galesburg; Oi mane 'Haired Knocks' college, the school that you an mosht uv us have bin to.

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“Rockefeller an Cairnagie got theyre college eddication in ‘haired knocks’ college, but ut wuzn’t until manny a man, an manny a hairt wint broke through thim, before they had money enough so they cud begin to shtudy ‘putt yerself in the uther man’s place,’ an now theyre both gradiuates in that, an yu’d almosht think to hear ‘em talk, they wuz sorry they ivir got so much money. An so to square thimselves wid the woorld, (Cairnagie wid this, an Jawn wid the nixt), theyre givin away some o’ the money they don’t nade. Ut’s loike givin away yur casht off clothin. Cairnagie is goin around buildin librys wheyre a poor man out uv a job can git shwell buks to read, an Rockefeller is playin angel to a lot uv relligious colleges loike the Baptistht Theological Siminary an the Chicago University, wheyre, if a man’s too rich to shtudy at ‘Haired Knocks’ college, he kin git a fut ball eddication, an jine a shwell fraternity to fit ‘im fur the battle uv loife, an to shpend the money his father laves ‘im.

“Well, if Oi kapes on gittin older an more useliss, Oi’ll only be fit fur an arishtocrat meself. Ye know an arishtocrat is a man who have nawthin to do, an plinty uv money to do ut wid. Oi’ll be an arishtocrat barrin the money.

“But afther all, Chairlie, ut duzn’t matther much phwat learnin we have, ur phwat we

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know, or phwat we git, fur afther all, no man's anny gud, that's no gud to anny man but himsilf, an no matther how much ye git, ut's phwat ye use, an not phwat ye lave that counts. Fur ye can't pay yur dibts to humanity afther ye're dead, out uv phwat ye lave, fur theyre's no Probate Coort in hivin. Ye've got to kape paid up whoile ye're livin, an pay as ye go. Ut's betther to have chairity fur a mission thin missions fur a chairity, fur a gud hathen is betther thin a bad chrishtian; ye'd betther help the latter than trouble the other. Besoides, ye'd betther be roight thin relligious annyhow, fur whin ye're roight ye can't be wrong, but whin ye're relligious, ye may have the wrong relligion, an thin theyre's hell to pay. Fur, Chairlie, hell's full o' min that got the bisht uv uther min, kept all they got, an niver gave annything away. Purgatory contains thim that mint well, but were afraid, ur didn't dare do phwat's roight.

"But afther all, phwat's the use, fur ut's the gud ye do, an the happiness ye give to uthers that's the greatest blessin an satisfaction. The trouble is that whin money cud help, thim that wud can't, an thim that can won't. Mosht min nade considerable yellow in theyre makeup to git money an kape ut, but ut takes warm, red blood to shpend ut roight, an help those who nade ut,

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an ought to have ut. Not ivirybody is to blame fur bein poor ur not wuurkin.

"Well, wan o' these days we'll be dead an won't know ut, an we'll be the hull thing at the funeral. Wid mosht uv us, ut's only whin we're bein born an bein buried that we have anny importance.

"Talk about dyin; do ye know, Chairlie, ut's betther to die an be buried at sea thin on land? The min that go to Davie Jones' locker save all the pomp, cirimony an expinse uv the big funeral, an bate the undertaker's thrusht at that. An besoides that, the tears an masses fur thim that lie at the bottom uv the sea, does thim as much gud as they do thim that's buried in the ground, an whin the watch is called on the lasht day, an Gabriel poipes all hands on deck, the min at the bottom of the sea can turn out, an cum up quicker an aisier, than thim that air buried in the ground; an do ut widout dislocatin a lot uv expinsive shtones at that.

But however that may be, an no matther phwat we aire, or the money we have or lave behoind us, an no matther how much we hate to go, we musht all take our chances on the onchairted, onloighted an onbuoyed sea uv the hereafter, wheyre, widout a compass, we know not the currents, channels, rocks or reefs, or the winds or the wither, an yit wheyre we all musht sail, niver to cum back.

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Chairlie, ut's some satisfaction to know whin a gud fellow's gone, that fur the money he shpint, the gud he done, the pleasure he gave, the loives he made happier, an the laughter that followed him, there fall the soilent tears uv sorrow, the soighs uv thim who survive an loved him, an the grateful mimory uv those who tell his shtories an fale his loss. That's betther thin holdin office or bein rich an invied fur ut."

PHYSICAL EXERCISE—THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE STANDARD OIL CASE, TRUSTS, ETC.

(Annual Dinner of the Law Club, May 26, 1911.)

“**O**I, SAY Chairlie, ut’s gettin to be moighty dangerous goin around this town, day ur noight. Bechune trolley cairs, automobilyes, taxi-cabs an motor-cycles, a man is lible to be kilt or maimed anny toime, aven though he kapes sober; an a drunken man isn’t fit to be out alone on the shtreets annywherye in thim days, to say nothin about meetin the man behoind the gun that nades the money.

“Iviry toime Oi lave home Oi’m thinkin Oi may nivir git back agin widout the coroner sittin on me whin Oi git theyre, to foind out who dun ut. Ut remoinds me uv the toime in the eighties whin Oi wuz sucond mate uv an ould wind jammer in the block shtone trade bechune Lake Superior an Milwaukee. She wuz that ould an soft that whin loaded in a hivy sea, she wuz lible to suddintly drop out frum under ye, an take down wid her iviry-thing that wuz below dicks, an fasht to her, includin the watch below, an so Oi always

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shuk hands wid the watch goin below fur fear
Oi'd niver see 'im agin.

"Oi say, Chairlie, ye're gittin to be a reglar daire divil. Didn't Oi see ye the uther Sunday in the Pairk roidin a wheale in public? Phwat were ye doin ut fur? Ixircoise! Shure, roidin a wheale isn't ixircoise; wheales air too chape fur that. No shwell docthor wud advise anny man in thim days, to roide a wheale fur ixircoise. Shure, ye musht git manny lucks uv disdain frum the pape that pass ye in automobilys, partickly thim that lives in flats, an droives theyre own cair. Ridin a wheale is no longer profissional ixircoise. If ye musht roide fur ixircoise, git on the hurricane deck uv an ixpensive harse, an roide ut bare headed in the broidle path uv the Pairk. 'Tis the only way. Ye roide bare headed because that's an ividence uv bravery. Ut shows a reckliss disregaird fur danger. Shure, air ye not in momintary danger uv fallin aff yur harse, or havin yur harse fall down, an maybe on top o' ye? But the minit they see ye 're bare headed they know ye don't care a damn fur danger.

"Ye musht roide an ixpensive harse on the broidle path uv the Pairk, an not on the shtrates. Pape will take no notice uv ye on the shtrate, an unliiss ye air noticed under thim conditions, ye moight as well walk. But walkin is no longer profissionally hiltly. Ye

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remember they ushed to say 'the rich can roide in chaises an the poor can walk be — if they plases,' or wuurd to that iffict.'

"Another thing about roidin an ixpensive harse in the Pairk is that ut excoites invy, an theyre's nothin quite so satisfacthory as bein invied. About all the satisfaction ye can git out o' wilth is being invied. Ut isn't so much phwat ye can buy yursilf, as phwat the uther fellah can't buy that brings the joy to yer hairt.

"If ye don't loike to roide a harse, theyre's only two uther koinds uv shport fur shwell pape; wan is boxin, an the uther is golluf. To do boxin ye musht jine some shwell athlitic club, an git some sucond hand pugilist fur to tache ye the manly airt uv silf definse. Ut makes ye fale shtrong an tough, moshtly the latter, an ye fale ye cud lick a man half yer soize if ye cud git a wallop at 'im whin he wuzn't luckin.

"In these shwell athlitic clubs they have a museum wid a lot o' tools, ropes, racks, rings an rails, enough to fit up a full rigged ship, which they uses as scanery an background to a platform fur shcrappin an wrastlin matches, which they pulls off fur the benefit uv theyre shwell mimbers, so they kin have a practical dimonstration uv the beauty uv athlitics, an that's whoi they call 'em athlitic clubs. Besoides that, they have high balls theyre.

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"Oi wint down to wan o' thim athlitic clubs wan toime to splice a rope fur Cairpinter, the ship chandler, an Oi saw this here scanery, an thim tools in this museum they have, an Oi nivir saw annything loike ut ixcipt whin Oi wuz sailin out uv Barcelona in Shpain yares ago. Oi wint into wan o' thim museums theyre, in which they had a lot uv the things lift over frum the days uv the Inquisition. Ye remimber, Chairlie, the Billy Sundays o' thim days, whin they were out convertin pable to Chrishtianity, used to have a handy man ur two wid a machine, an they wud make a carpse ur a Chrishtian out uv a man widout washtin anny wurds. But they overdone ut, an the police broke ut up, an since thin ut's become unlawful fur to use foorce on a man whin ye air convertin him to Chrishtianity. Ye have no business to kill ur maim a man to save 'im. Ye can pray fur 'im, an talk an sing to 'im, an if that don't fetch 'im he'll have to go to hell in shpoite uv ye.

"The uther shport that ye kin take to be-soides boxin is golluf. Golluf is an ancient Scotch game, an theyrefore ut's in common use among money makers, or thim that wud loike to be, an who nade more physical shtrength to do ut wid, an fur thim ut's foine exercoise, fur ut nades no brains fur to play ut, all ye nade is patience, practice, persis-

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tence, perseverance, the same as ye do in makin money, only addin parsimony. Ut takes at laste four papele to play a game uv golluf. Two min an two bys, an the bys duz mosht uv the wuurk. Another attrhtractive fature about golluf is that ye can wear anny ould thing whoile ye're on the golluf coorse widout bein disrespectible, an ut makes a gud manny o' thim bankers an big business min fale, whin they git theyre ould clothes on, loike they used to fale on the fairm, whin they were bys, an wuurkin in the fields, an whin mother's dinner horn at the noon hour wuz the swatest music that wuz ivir made, an the recollection uv ut's wilcome sound had Theodore Thomas' band bate to a soft, silent pulp fur music.

"They say all thim little bys that play golluf wid the bankers liyers, an aven minishters, air trained to kape a respectible dishtance away frum thim golluf players whoile in action, because the vilint scripthure quotations uv thim whin they misses (which they moshtly duz) air not fit fur thim little bys to hear. 'Tis a very profane game annyhow, but they tell me they have a lisht uv hairmless an respectible shware wuuds fur the use uv Presbyterians an Babtishts, that's furnished wid the little bys that carries the clubs an things.

"Golluf begins wid a little ball, an inds up

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wid a hoigh ball or more, an that's the mosht attractive fature uv the game. Afther all, Chairlie, ye can talk about yur foot ball, yur hand ball, yur base ball, an yur golluf ball, but theyre's one ball that's more often used thin all thim balls together, an that's the hoigh ball, the besht uv all.

"Well, phwat do you think uv politics? Uv coorse, ye voted the wrong way, fur our man Harrison wuz ilycted mayor. Personally, Oi wuz in favor uv Eddie Dunn, because he's a betther Oirishman thin Cairter Harrison is, who's an Oirishman only be education, marriage an affiliation, but theyrefur he more aisily combined an unoitd the Oirish factions in the pairty, fur whereiver theyre's Oirish, theyre's factions, an ginerally bosses too. 'Twas the Oirish invinted the boss, an whereiver they air they ginerally takes that job thimsilves.

Ye know the Oirish at home had no chanct to hold office, or govern fur manny ginérations, an consiquintly they're shtarvin fur home rule, whereivir they air. Well, we may not have home rule in Oireland, but we have ut in Boshton, New York an Chicago, fur the Dimicratic pairty widout the Oirish wud be loike the play uv Hamlet wid Hamlet lift out. As ividince uv our havin home rule here, luk at the judicial ticket we've given ye. Openin wid Col. Kavanaugh an followed be McSure-

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ly, Coburn, Shtanton an McGoorty ut's as foine a boquet o' Oirish judicial shamrocks as ye cud raise on the ould sod in Oireland. Wid thim sittin as judges ut wudn't be safe fur a man to shware at the coort in Gaelic, widout bein guilty o' contimpt o' coort, an ut wudn't be fur usin improper language at that. Oh, we air the rulin race shure. Luk at the police foorce an the foire depairt-mint, lavin out all the uther depairtmints wheyre the jobs air aisy, an the pay an graft is gud.

"But shpakin about holdin office, Oi say, Chairlie, is ut thrue phwat ye tolt me, that the law wudn't interfeyre wid the roight uv a man to make contracts? Will ye tell me thin, whoi they allow the legislature to make a civil service law? Shure, if theyre's anny law that interfeyres wid the makin uv con-thracts ut's that law. Didn't General Jackson, gud Oirishman an Dimicrat that he wuz, lay down the law uv politics whin he said 'to the victor belong the shpoils?' Thin be phwat roight do the Republicans take away frum us Dimicrats who air the only ripri-sintatives uv the common puple, the roight to take office whiniver, an wheyreiver we can foind ut? Oi'm agin this civil service. Ut takes mosht uv the profit out uv politics. Unliss ye can hold office, phwat's the use o' politics annyhow? Shure, if theyre's no

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money in ut, ye moight as well be a protestant or a Presbyterian as a Dimicrat. If ut kapes on, politics will pay no bettther than wuurk. Theyre'll be nothin in ut fur us, an we moight as well kape out uv ut, an lave ut to you Gurmans (that have no rulin spirit loike we have) to take our places.

"Another thing. Chairlie, phwat do those pable mane be thryin to abolish vice an sin? If they kape on theyr'll be no sinners lift, an whin we git to that, how will ye be able to tell a gud man frum a bad wan, fur if theyre no bad wans, theyre can be no gud wans, fur ye can't tell 'em apairt. Ye'll have to kape some bad ones to presarve the conthrastr. Theyre'll be no use fur either hivin or hell if they kape on, an purgatory will be the only place to go to, but phwat gud will that do, if ye nivir can lave ut, fur they tell me ye can't hold office theyre.

"Phwat wud become uv the police foorce if theyre wuz no croime, an that same police foorce is as foine a body of min as ivir lift Oireland, barrin the few Gurmans, Shwades an naygers they have in ut. Ye'll have to have some croime, an ye can't ixpict the police foorce to commit all the croimes. God knows they have enough chairged agin 'em now.

"An phwat wud become uv the liyers, prieshts an prachers if theyre wuz nothin to talk for, or prache or pray agin? No, Chairlie,

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ut's perfectly onnatural fur ivirybody to be gud; we nade some bad people, though we nade enough gud wans to kape up the majority, fur if ivirybody shud be bad, ut wud be almosht as bad in the world as ut wud be if ivirybody wuz gud. An if ivirybody wuz gud it wud be moighty lonesome, onsociable an quiet in the world, an Oi fare theyre wud be moighty little to drink an kape cheerful wid, an think phwat wud become uv Arthur Burance Farwell, Maggie Haley, Shkinny Madden, an all the risht uv the walkin diligates an refarmers, if theyre wuz no trouble to be made, or hell to be raised? They all nade to make a livin. Ut may not be an honest livin, but ut's a gud wan, an ut kapes theyre names in the papers, an that's worth almosht as much as the pay an graft they gits.

"Abolishin croime is a gud deal loike abolishin poverty. Shure, doesn't the gud book say 'the poor ye always have wid ye?' Hasn't that been the consolation that all gud, rich Chrishtian min have been comforted an consoled wid be the expinsive prachers? Shure, they nade us poor, an that's why they don't let us shtairve, an die out entoirely an altogither. The chairity graft was ixprissly invinted to kape the poor poor, an make the rich continted wid theyre lot, an aven whin they were only fashionable an not workin Chrishtians.

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"Is ut thrue, Chairlie, that the Suprame Coort in the Shtandard Ile case have de-coided that the ould law uv the survival uv the fittesht is onconstitutional? Shure, that ould rule wuz niver gud in Oireland, so whin the Oirish cum to this counthry they in-throduced a different rule in politics in New York an ivirywheyre else wheyre the Dimi-cratic pairty gave thim a chanct to have home rule, so that ut may be said that the rule uv the survival uv the fittesht is no gud in politics, fur nowadays, anny man is fit fur anny office he can git. The question is not air ye fit, but can ye git? To illishtrate.

"Now, ye know, Chairlie, that sailin through thim bridges here fur more thin thirty yares, Oi ought to know how to open a bridge, but instid o' takin me who knows how to open bridges, they picks out min who's had expherience openin bottles, an although Oi'm not a profissional, Oi've had some expherience aven at that, but moshty on the uther soide uv the bair.

"Oi hear that the Suprame Coort also de-coided that they had nothin agin the Shtandard Ile Company, an that ut wuz not agin the law to make an sill ile, provoided ye had sufficient competition, an not havin ut, they de-coided the company musht go out of business an begin all over again, an aither sell liss ile, or have more competition. Whatever they

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may say, ye know the Shtandard Ile Company is a raypublican corporation. They till me that Sinator La Folletty, uv yur Shtate, Chairlie, bein a dimicratic raypublican, is goin to inthroduce a bill in congress entitled 'A bill to encoourage, promote, foshter an establish competition throughout the Unoited Shtates.' If that bill shud become a law, an the governmint shud encoourage competition, an pay fur ut, ut wud be a great thing; Oi can see ut, as it were, wuurkin loike a drama. Oi can see fair off in the dim dish-tance uv the future the great ile refinin wuurks uv the Uproight Ile Company, coverin more than a shquare o' ground, an acrosht the way frum ut, nixt dure to a saloon, a foine little brick buildin about 12 be 12, wid a barrel of ile on tap, an a pint, a quart an a gallon misure besaide ut, an a man settin in an aisy chair closhe by, an a soign over the dure radin 'Con Murphy, daler in ile, be the pint, quart or barrel. Open all noight.' Oi can see in me moind's eye, Con drawin a quart uv ile now an thin, an also drawin a gud salary frum the governmint, to kape up a shpirited an relintliss competition agin the soulless octopus acrosht the way. Murphy's relintliss competition wud, uv coorse, be a thorn in the soide uv the octopus, a pertec-tion uv the pape's roights, an ut wud pre-vint the pape uv the counthry from sufferin

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through the opprission uv a monopoly, an at the same toime little interfeyre wid the well known prosperity uv the ile business.

“They tell me theyre goin to take the tariff off millionayres. Whin protection wuz firsh shtairted the millionayres were an infant industry, but through the beneficent infloence uv pertiction they have multiplied to such an ixhtint, that the Four Hundred in New York have a long waitin lisht uv millionayres (wid tourim cairs), waitin to become full an fat arishtocrats. But wid the tariff off, an wid tough sons, an toitled sons-in-law, ut’s hoped the millionayre business will before many years be a case uv shirt-sleeve survival uv the fittesht.

“Say, Chairlie, all thrusts airn’t bad or monopolies. Oi heerd that a man frum Missouri who have a fat shteer to sill, can take ut out to the shtock yairds here an sill ut to cattle buyers uv four different companies, iviry wan o’ thim’s as gud a gold, an he can git the same price frum each o’ thim fur the shteer, an have the satisfaction at the same toime uv knowin that none o’ the companies ’ll go broke, aven if the Prisdint is in Europe visitin a king, ur takin a cure fur a shwell stomach at Monte Cairlo. ’Tis a soign that the shteer an mate business, carried on be thim thrusts is full o’ shtability, an ye can always be shure yur

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butcher is payin as much as anny uther
butcher who buys from anny wan o' the four
companies.

"They used to say that competition is the
loife uv trade, but that's no longer thrue, fur
competition's now the death o' trade, an
hince we have the thrushts, an having theyre-
fur obliterated competition, no thrusht can
busht."

E. J. M.
2/26/25



